



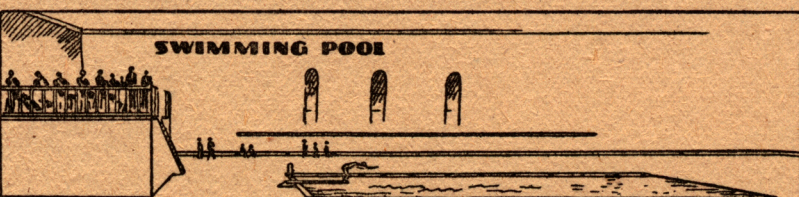
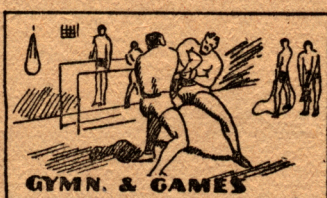
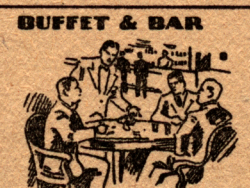

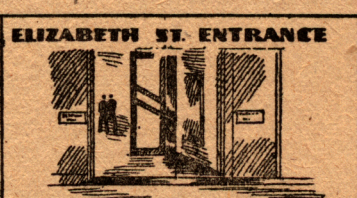
Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 16. No. 7. September, 1943.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

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T. T. MANNING

WE have heard it since of our boyhood when prone to falter or funk : "Be a sport." When tempted to take a mean advantage : "Be a sport." Or when the extra concession means a world of difference : "Be a sport."

It has the effect of bringing out the best in the quality of sportsmanship, of making a man who is down, and wants to stay down, get up and fight on, of inducing respect for the rules of the game, and of making a good loser out of an ordinarily ill-disposed fellow.

"Be a sport"—there's a magic about its appeal; and its tradition is essentially British. The British (meaning all of us) can lose at sport and remain sportsmen. That's our philosophy of life and the language we understand.

"Be a sport"—we are answering this call and challenge at this time by rallying to our club in all its patriotic undertakings. We are proud of our record because we play the game as sportsmen.

The Club Man's Diary

SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS: 1st, Mr. Percy Smith; 3rd, Messrs. George T. Rowe, R. Quinnell; 7th, Mr. Russell A. Dunstan; 8th, Messrs. W. St. E. Parsons, J. J. Crennan; 9th, Mr. E. A. Box; 13th, Mr. A. O. Romano; 15th, Messrs. John Wyatt, F. Gawler, S. N. West, W. Ditfort, C. H. D. Scougall; 17th, Mr. S. E. Chatterton; 19th, Mr. C. H. Dodds; 20th, Mr. C. Graves; 21st, Mr. Mark Barnett; 22nd, Mr. John Hickey; 23rd, Mr. Rex Cullen-Ward; 24th, Sir Samuel Hordern; 26th, Messrs. W. Longworth, P. Pilcher; 27th, Mr. J. S. Irwin; 28th, Mr. E. A. Nettlefold; 30th, Messrs. A. L. Brown, H. D. McRae, Captain W. H. Sellen.

SEPTEMBER THOUGHT: Chaureau, French historian, took ten years to reach a conclusion that the earth was created a little after 4 o'clock in the afternoon on a Friday corresponding to Sept. 6.

Lord Louis Mountbatten has grown to the stature of Commander-in-Chief of a bristling zone, but he was only of sapling stuff when he arrived here with the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor) in 1920. To us newspapermen who covered the Royal tour, Mountbatten yielded as much news as did Sir Edward Grigg, who wrote the Prince's stilted speeches—which is to say, both were written off by us as blanks.

We suspected that the young Lord and the middle-aged Knight ate refrigerated fish for breakfast.

As a horseman, Lord Louis rivalled Edward P—from which you may draw your own conclusions. But, like his Royal second-cousin, Mountbatten was game to mount anything. Safe, slow hacks rather irked the pair.

The Prince set a problem in diplomacy when he expressed a wish to ride Poitrel in a gallop at Randwick against all-comers. As a Royal wish usually connotes a command, "high quarters" became flustered.

Poitrel was at the time "on his toes," being trained for the Melbourne Cup—which he duly won—

and old 'ands expressed the opinion openly that, if Poitrel got away, the Royal jockey would never hold him. So there was the Heir to the Throne to be considered—and Poitrel. Polite representations were made, with the result that Poitrel didn't pass into history as "one of the horses which the Prince fell off."

Up in Brisbane they mounted Lord Louis on Canning Queen—a Brisbane Cup winner—in a specially staged race. When the barrier shot up, the mare—always a smart beginner—dashed out or, rather, dashed from under, Mountbatten. All bets were declared off, as the rider of Canning Queen was officially ruled to have been left at the barrier.

We who laughed a little over the young Lord in those days hardly imagined that he would in time put on giant's boots as a war leader and carve his name in history as a gifted, gallant and devoted Briton.

We heard in recent times a good deal about "post-war reconstruction" and "the call for statesmanship." The emphasis was on material issues, which won't get the world out of mourning. People see their salvation less in statesmanship and yearn more for return to simple faith and the gospel of the good. Humanity swings back instinctively to the fundamentals once freed of the necessity to outwit and out-terror, to kill or be killed.

Hitler's fear is not of being out-generalled or—at least immediately—of being out-matched in production, even of being out-bombed. His spectres are the spiritual reserves of the people of the United Nations, and the impact of their Christian doctrines on his paganism.

His people fight for a fetish; ours for a faith.

It is salutary that the Nazis and the Fascists should be beaten to their knees. In that posture they might remember something.

Among club members who have sons serving with the forces is Mr. W. D. White. Leading Aircraftsman J. D. (Douglas) White is attached to

a battle station somewhere in Australia. Flight Sgt. L. H. (Len) White is eager for the day when he will be among those present when block-busters are dropped on Tokio.

Both lads are active members of the Bronte Surf Club. They miss those breakers, but agree that the call of Australia is greater than the call of the surf. The breakers will wait. The Japs won't. So Douglas and Len White are a long way from Bronte doing a man's job.

Alsab, which was bought as a yearling for £218 and won £107,848 in three years in the U.S.A., will go to the stud soon.

At the latest Randwick meeting a punter wid a brogue approached a bookmaker and asked: "What will ye set me the Irish horse?" The bookmaker answered: "Irish Sea isn't in this race." The punter came back: "I didn't mean Irish Sea. I meant Hennessey." Still puzzled, but patient, the bookmaker said: "No horse of the name of Hennessey is nominated in this race." Then, glancing through his race book, the odds caller said: "Perhaps you mean Tennessee?"

"Maybe, maybe," the Irishman replied. "I only got it as a whisper."

The cables informed us that the man who invented fast dyes is dead. So is the man who invented fast horses.

Where was the first recorded horse race for a stake run in Australia?

"The Bulletin" answers: Regular horseracing in Australia was started in Sydney by officers of the 73rd regiment. They obtained use of the northern portion of the land now known as Hyde Park, and fatigue parties from the regiment formed the track, which was laid out from Market Street to St. James' Road, thence past St. Mary's to Park Street. Here on October 15, 17 and 19, 1810, were held the races for stakes. For the opening event the stake was a plate of 50 guineas, given by subscribers to the Sydney race-course.

A FLAWLESS HUSBAND.

As a pal and a husband he's ever
Perfection—yes, nary a flaw,
But, between you and me, he should
never

Touch screwdriver, chisel, or saw.

He is A-plus in diction and grammar,
And quick as a wink with a sum,
But, given a nail and a hammer,
He'll turn out a blood-blistered
thumb.

When a host he is gracious and
charming,
But, requested to alter a shelf,
His willingness (sweet but alarming)
Foretells harm to the wood—or
himself!

At games he shows co-ordination
(Had marvellous records at school),
Yet, with visions of some lacer-
ation,
He quakes at the sight of a tool.

—A.E.F. in "Chicago Tribune."

* * *

Momentous news item from a
Sydney newspaper:

Sir Ofori Atta, K.B.E., who died
the other day, was Omanhene of
Akina-Abuakwa, Kikiki, West Africa.

* * *

When as a schoolboy I spent vac-
ations on stations, I heard the old
hands say: "Never trust a Jersey
bull." They used to lead at pole
length the pedigreed aristocrat estab-
lished there.

The memory was revived when I
read recently in a Sydney newspaper
of an old man who had trusted a
Jersey bull. At the inquest his son
said: "The Jersey bull used to follow
father around and we never thought
it would harm him."

Perhaps a country member might
advise me as to whether the Jersey
is libelled among bulls or deserves the
reputation of being treacherous. And
what about cows?

* * *

I had no need to go to Spain to
see in action the Toreador I heard
apostrophised in song in "Carmen"
—and at other times in less sublime
atmosphere. On one station I saw
a stockman drive from the property
a scrubber bull which had snaked
in and was about to make merry
among the pedigreed herd when the
alarm went up.

This intruder charged as every-
body mounted fences, cast sticks and
stones and raised a frightful din with
the idea of scaring him off.

Finally a stockman, equipped with
stockwhip and mounted on a
dinkum stockhorse, with cattle dog
trailing, set out. As the bull charged
the stockman sooled on the dog. As
the dog fastened to the bull's heels
the bull turned. Then the stockman

also something of the sensation that
had inspired Adam Lindsay Gordon
to compose the poem containing these
lines:

'Twas merry in the glowing morn
amid the gleaming grass
To gallop as we've galloped many a
mile . . .

* * *

It was on that station, too, that I
met the man who was the main



Members of the Committee of the Sydney Turf Club on the occasion of their
courtesy call on The Lord Mayor (Ald. R. J. Bartley). They are (from left to right):
Messrs. J. B. Dowling, H. S. Thompson, F. G. Underwood, H. E. Tancred, Ald.
Bartley, V. E. H. Davis, B. Riddle, W. Weir, W. W. Hill (Chairman), H. Long-
worth, W. R. Dovey, K.C. (Vice-Chairman). Not seen in picture, Messrs. G. Ryder
and W. B. Hay.

charged, wheeling his whip and
crashing the thong on to the hide of
the scrubber.

Rearing and bellowing with pain,
as the stockman kept his whip in
play and his dog in action, the in-
truder, with the wind thoroughly
up, galloped to the boundary fence,
which he took in one mad leap and
disappeared in the dust down the
roadway. Never again did that
scrubber attempt to prat his frame in
on the patrician herd.

* * *

Years later, when I came to Syd-
ney and visited a show of the Royal
Art Society I stood hypnotised be-
fore a painting by Salvana of sheep
walking down the sides of a near-
dry dam. I had beheld that scene
in real life at the station mentioned
in the previous paragraph. I felt

character in the true-life story, titled
"An Outback Meeting," which I
wrote for Tattersall's Magazine some
months ago.

It was there also that I heard "the
jovial magpie wind his horn" in the
first strains of the bush birds' or
chestra at dawning. Barcroft Boake
must have heard it, too, for he wrote
in "Desiree" (which I quote from
memory after a long lapse of time
since the last reading):

Will she come to my arms at the
blush of dawn

When the sleepy songsters prune
Their dewy vestments on rail and
thorn,

And the jovial magpie winds his
horn,

And the dawn comes all too soon? . . .

(Continued on Page 5.)

TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

SEPTEMBER RACE MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

SATURDAY, 11th SEPT., 1943

THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £5 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 9th September, 1943; with £350 added. Second horse £70, and third horse £35 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. ONE MILE.

THE TRAMWAY HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m., on Thursday, 9th September, 1943; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE THREE-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m., on Thursday, 9th September, 1943; with £400 added. Second horse £80, and third horse £40 from the prize. For three-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE CHELMSFORD STAKES.

(Weight-for-age, with Penalties and Allowances, for Horses three-years-old and upwards.)

A Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m., on Thursday, 9th September, 1943; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Horses that have won a weight-for-age or special weight race exceeding £400 in value to the winner to carry 7lb. extra. Horses not having, at time of starting, won a handicap exceeding £150 in value to the winner allowed; three years, 7lb.; four years and upwards, 14lb.; maiden three-year-olds, 10lb.; maiden four-year-olds and upwards, 20lb. Winners of weight-for-age or special weight races (except special weight two-year-old races not exceeding £150 in value to the winner) not entitled to any allowance. Owners and trainers must declare penalties incurred and claim allowances due at date when making entries. ONE MILE AND A FURLONG.

THE SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m., on Thursday, 9th September, 1943; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. ONE MILE AND THREE FURLONGS.

THE TRIAL HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £5 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m., on Thursday, 9th September, 1943; with £350 added. Second horse £70, and third horse £35 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden, Novice and Encourage Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £100. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m., on Thursday, 9th September, 1943; with £400 added. Second horse £80, and third horse £40 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. 7lb. ONE MILE.

Entries closed on Monday, August 30th, 1943, and shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Saturday, 4th September, 1943.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 1 p.m., on Thursday, 9th September, 1943, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (The Chelmsford Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz., When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower-weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such race without a division, except that provision shall be made for three Emergency Acceptors to replace horses scratched or withdrawn from the original acceptance.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The nomination fees for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C Rule 50 of Racing.

Horses engaged in more than one race on the same day (weight-for-age races excepted) when one or the other of the races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse shall be permitted to accept only for one race. Without a declaration by acceptance time as to the race preferred, a horse shall be considered as an acceptor in the first race engaged on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amount of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Barcroft Boake wrote rollicking lines as well as vivid and tender verse, but there is the magic of a great poem in his "Out Where The Dead Men Lie."

One morning searchers found a body hanging in the bush near Sydney. It was the body of Barcroft Boake, given up the ghost of melancholia.

* * *

When A. D. Playfair died a Sydney newspaper wrote that he had owned the champion trotting stallion, Ribbonwood. He owned Ribbonwood all right, but Ribbonwood was a pacer and put the seal on his fame by defeating the champion trotter, Fritz, in a special match in the early nineteen-hundreds. So perfect a trotter was Fritz that it was claimed for him that he had never "broken."

* * *

I saw a game of football that demanded stamina on the part of the players, because when a man went down with the ball the game wasn't held up until he gathered himself together, until the straggling players were re-assembled, and until the fellow with the ball, having collected his thoughts and recovered his breath—a respite enjoyed by all others—re-started the game by kicking off in a fashion.

The game I referred to in the opening was that between Duntroon College and Combined Public Schools, an annual feature and played under the Union code.

When a player went down he rolled off the ball, the men standing up carried on, the game proceeded. Surely this is the real test of football. I disfavour sacrifice of rucking among the forwards for speed, so called, and the fetish of "open play"; that is to say, I prefer forwards to play as forwards and backs to play as backs. Inevitably, if forwards demand to attack as backs, then backs must defend as forwards.

Shiners among the forwards may be spectacular, but only while the opposing forwards are content also to play as shiners. That may be "crowd-pleasing," but it doesn't win Test matches.

Some sporting writers are prone to sneer at "the big slow forwards of yesterday." What would a pack of them do to the shiners of to-day? Or what would those oldsters think of being halted simply because the man with the ball had gone down?

* * *

Read this appended report of a court case, giving question by counsel and reply by witness, and your education should be improved:

Do you favour plink or plonk?—I don't favour either. I don't know what plink is.

Haven't year heard it is so fresh that if you put the bottle to your ear you can hear the grape-pickers having an argument?

* * *

Among contributions rescued from my sub-editorial desk of other days and which I prize as souvenirs, include this one from a movie publicity department:

A blot on the romantic escutcheon of a young couple spread like a thunderstorm into a whirlwind of desperate adventure . . .

Them's glamorous words!

* * *

Memo on the original Mr. Farmer: For a number of years old

time drapers of Sydney carried out successful race meetings on a course at Petersham, and afterwards at Homebush. Turning over pages of "The Sportsman's Calendar" of 1845, I came across a name familiar to us of this generation—that of Farmer, original of the present firm of Farmer & Co. Ltd. Mr. Farmer won a double at the Drapers' meeting at Homebush on January 27, 1845. In the Ladies' Purse he rode his black gelding, Bother 'Em, winning comfortably, with Mr. Fawcett's Cock Robin second. In the Beaten Purse, Mr. Farmer won on Escape.

Profits of that meeting were presented to the manager of the Benevolent Asylum. Who knows but some husbands reduced to near-penury by fashionable wives benefited thereby?

* * *

As the word "Machiavellian" is being used a good deal to-day by political writers, an explanatory note as to its origin, from the "New York Times" is appended—remembering who Machiavelli was: a Florentine statesman, author of "The Prince," in which (to quote a standard work) "unscrupulous statecraft is advocated." Here is what the "New York Times" wrote:

* * *

It is evident to all careful readers of Machiavelli that he did not assert that the State ought to be im-
(Continued on Page 11.)



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RACING FIXTURES

SEPTEMBER — DECEMBER, 1943**SEPTEMBER.**

No Racing Saturday, 4th
Tattersall's Club Saturday, 11th
Rosehill Saturday, 18th
Hawkesbury Saturday, 25th

OCTOBER.

No Racing Saturday, 2nd
A.J.C. Saturday, 9th
A.J.C. Saturday, 16th
A.J.C. Saturday, 23rd
City Tattersall's Club . . Saturday, 30th

NOVEMBER.

No Racing Saturday, 6th
Rosehill Saturday, 13th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 20th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 27th

DECEMBER.

No Racing Saturday, 4th
A.J.C. Saturday, 11th
A.J.C. Saturday, 18th
No Racing (Xmas Day), Saturday, 25th

Los Angeles Athletic Club Movements

Reg. L. ("Snowy") Baker, ex-Sydney Stadium referee, champion amateur boxer, interstate footballer, polo player, swimmer, etc., and generally regarded as one of Australia's best all-round sportsmen of all time, is now a Director of Los Angeles Athletic Club—well known to many of our members—and writes interestingly of current activities.

A boxing boom is here, but there are too few boxers to supply the demands.

My recent promotion, Luther Slugger White (light-weight champion) and Juan Zurita (Mexican championship claimant), 10 rounds at Olympic Auditorium, in Los Angeles, drew something more than nine thousand people and grossed round four thousand (4,000) pounds; but by the time the main event artists and preliminary boys took better than 65 per cent. of the total, there was barely enough to pay a percentage to Soldier Sports Activity Fund and promotional expenses. It was a terrific fistic battle of speed and give and take punching.

I'm convinced that top flight mit masters of the squared circle to-day give and take as many, or more, punches in ten rounds as they did in 20 rounds in my active days during the period of 1900 to 1920 or so.

American boxing audiences, I think, prefer the "Roman holiday" to scientific boxing. They demand action and boxers give it or don't get future engagements.

Boxing is controlled by local State Commissions. To an important 10 round main event, the Commission elects two judges and a referee. In last week's "Joyce-Zurita" bout, the unanimous decision went to Joyce. I personally thought Zurita finished ahead. It was a great contest and proves Mexico is steadily, but surely

coming into the boxing picture. We have more than a dozen good Mexican boxers in Los Angeles and Hollywood. They display rare courage and fine stamina in the ring. Physically, their build is all that the boxing art requires.

Every day, good, bad and indifferent pugs are joining the colours or going into one or other war factory jobs. One day, one has a main event and four preliminary bouts ar-

as best they can, and exercise that they may be fit and ready for any emergency. These clubs have many thousands of members. One and all know their duty to be fit and ready, if and when the call comes.

At this writing, some thousands of past and present Los Angeles Athletic Club, and Allied Club members, have answered the call and are on active service.

My direct work at Riviera Country Club is Equestrian Director. In 1930 I was invited to direct building the equestrian side of this picturesque Country Club that the equestrian events of 1932 Olympic Games could be contested on the grounds. The Olympic horses of France, Holland, Sweden, Mexico and other countries were stabled at the Club and competed in the various Dressage, Steeplechase and Jumping contests on these grounds.

At the Riviera Club to-day we have stabling for 500 horses; four turf Polo Fields, a mile and a half Steeplechase Course, three Jumping Courses, two sand Show Rings, one turf Show Ring, a half mile sand Exercising Track, a four and a half mile 16 feet wide Bridle Path around the grounds.

The Golf Course, 18 holes, is considered by pro-golfers as one of the four best in the world.

We play Polo—youths, men and women, every Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday throughout the entire year, and hold a monthly Horse Show for the benefit of members, their families and friends.

There is more than 50 miles of picturesque Mountain and Canyon riding country adjoining the Club grounds. Our grounds are about 400 colourful acres. The Club itself is situated at Pacific Palisades near the Pacific Ocean, about 16 miles from

(Continued on Page 16.)



The Los Angeles Athletic Club.

ranged and signed. A few days later all are in the Army or Navy. Of course, that's as it should and must be.

All athletic games and sports are cut to suit war conditions. More racecourses are closed. School and college sports are running on reduced scale.

My main activities as Director of Los Angeles Athletic Club and Allied Clubs—including Hollywood Athletic Club, Pacific Coast Club, Deauville Beach Club and Riviera Country Club—is towards the physical fitness of members and their children. We consider it the duty of every child and adult, not actually at war, to do their home job

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO



The centre picture shows "Gloaming" winning the Chelmsford Stakes on 14th September, 1918, from "Rebus" and "Kennaquhair." "Gloaming" carried 6 st. 10 lbs. as a Maiden Three-Year-Old and was ridden by Des. O'Connor. In the lower centre picture are Mr. C. W. Cropper, Secretary of the Australian Jockey Club, and Mr. J. B. Olliffe, Secretary of Tattersall's Club, both since deceased.



THE CHELMSFORD RECORD

Only the Best Can Win

Another page of racing history will be written after the Chelmsford Stakes is decided this month, for no moderate racehorse has won the famous race staged at Randwick by Tattersall's Club.

Yaralla having slipped from grace, Katanga now seems the more logical measuring stick for the three-year-olds. Katanga has begun his seventh year almost with juvenile force, winning the Warwick Stakes and Canterbury Stakes at seven and six furlongs.

Last year's place-fillers, Rimveil, Dewar and Main Topic, are available again, all training along, with Main Topic much improved and a most likely snag for allcomers.

The Chelmsford Stakes holds a most important place in early spring racing in Sydney providing the first and one of the few opportunities for three-year-olds to be tested against the older horses.

During comparatively recent years Heroic, Limerick, Ammon Ra, Gaine Carrington and Gold Rod have won as three-year-olds, horses whose exploits spoke loudly, and moreover, they defeated some truly great gallopers.

Heroic had to beat Gloaming and Limerick encountered Windbag.

Gloaming's record in the Chelmsford Stakes provides a colourful page. In 1918, a non-winner, entitled to the full allowance, he came in at 6.10. The result was what could have been expected in the light of his subsequent performances. He was what is known in current racing language as "a panel job," right out by himself, with the minor place-fillers, Rebus and Kennaquhair, down the course.

Gloaming had to rest on that Chelmsford honour, for in 1922, as

a seven-year-old, in the famous series of duels which thrilled Sydney race-goers, he was beaten narrowly by Beauford.

This remarkable gelding two years later was the test horse for the three-year-old Heroic in one of Randwick's fastest nine furlongs. Their time, 1.50 $\frac{1}{4}$, still is only one-quarter of a second outside the Randwick record, and only half a second outside Fuji San's Commonwealth record.

This year the three-year-olds have no Gloamings, Phar Laps or Limericks to encounter, and one of them might prove that the standard of horses is improving again. Droughts and unfavourable years have left their mark on Australia's thoroughbred stock, but the seasonal improvement of the last two years is likely to be reflected in better horses among the younger set.

Experts consider that this year's crop of three-year-olds are above average, and if they are of that standard, they should be superior this month. The distance of the Chelmsford Stakes, nine furlongs, is no bar to any prospective Derby colt or filly.

Katanga, Veiled Threat and Main Topic have to be accepted as the trial standard for the three-year-olds, good solid gallopers, but not one of them deserving of comparison with the best of the last 20 years. Presumably, therefore, the Chelmsford will be the race of the three-year-olds.

Mayfowl concluded the main part of last season as the top-ranking two-year-old, with Moorland leaving an incomprehensively smudged record. Mayfowl is one of the successful Beau Pere breed already represented on Chelmsford Stakes records by Beaulivre and Beau Vite.

Mayfowl's success in the Sires' Produce Stakes showed that he was good up to seven furlongs, and increased age should take him over another two furlongs. He is not to be passed by as one of the Derby probabilities.

Moorland's autumn failures were disconcerting following on some excellent efforts earlier in the season. He lapsed so completely that there was justification for acceptance of some reasonable excuse. His convincing win in the Canterbury Guineas defeating Mayfowl wiped out the autumn stains. Racehorses are neither human nor machines. They cannot explain and they do not perform like clockwork. These are two factors which contribute to the fascination of racing, its complete uncertainty.

Flight comes into the Chelmsford picture as a sprightly and solid filly who has refused to play minor parts to the colts. In general good colts beat good fillies, and this year should be no exception to the rule. Flight, however, could win a Chelmsford Stakes and break a sequence of male successes of 37 years standing.

MacArthur, as another probable Derby aspirant, could be a Chelmsford success. He is rated a stayer in the making and a worthy half-brother to Royal Chief, one of the last good horses sent over from New Zealand to win The Metropolitan and the Chelmsford of 1938. MacArthur was sparingly raced last year, and was not over-fortunate, otherwise his record would have been level with those of Mayfowl and Moorland.

Still other three-year-olds come to mind in Falcon Knight, a gelding who is eligible to run in the Chelmsford Stakes, but being unsexed debarred

(Continued on Page 16.)

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Billiards and Snooker Notes

Beginners Fail to Pay Sufficient Attention to Their "Bridge" It is One of the Three Fundamentals

Of all the points in billiards written about from time to time, one most important subject—the "bridge"—is usually relegated to the things forgotten. Without the forehand functioning smoothly good billiards is a sheer impossibility, yet so few endeavour to correct obvious faults and go through life with a tremendous handicap so far as their cueing is concerned.

The "bridge hand," cue grip and stance might be termed the three fundamentals of billiards. These, combined, are productive of the all-important correct stroke, or stroking. Let's concentrate, this month, on the "bridge hand."

First "bridge" to be mastered is that used for ordinary shots and with the body in comfortable position.

Walter Lindrum lays it down that the heel of the hand should first be placed on the table-bed and then, with fingers well spread, bent up as though trying to lift the cloth. ("Lift" is, of course, an exaggerated term, but necessary for explanation.) By this method a solid foundation is achieved and, provided the hand has been placed in correct alignment, the first hurdle to a good shot has been negotiated. The thumb, naturally, falls into position and is the only digit not touching the table. That is the "open" bridge and by far the most common of all.

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 5.)

moral. What he taught was that the State has nothing to do with morality. He wished to separate politics from ethics. The great aim in government, he taught, was to succeed. This doctrine represented a revolt against the past. In the old medieval system, government had theoretically been subordinated to spiritual ends, and was regarded as primarily a means to the support of religion. Machiavelli believed that the State existed for its own sake, had its own claims, and could not be bound by the obligations which control private behaviour.

There are some shots, however, which require a much firmer bridge. A "screw," for instance, is really dangerous to the cloth if the cueist uses power with the chance of a slip up forward.

Experts adopt a form of the Boucle grip, which prevents side sway and adds safety to cloth while minimising the chances of a miscue. The "Boucle" sounds very terrible and complicated, but is really simple in construction, although so few appear able to master it. Here is the way to build it:—

Form a circle with the thumb and first finger by placing the tip end of each together. Next move your middle finger downward as far as possible toward the palm of your hand and then slide the tip end of your cue through the circle, having it pass over the top of the middle finger, touching it at, or a little above, the middle joint.

Having done that, tighten the circle round the cue until both fingers and thumb are touching the cue on all sides. And, that's the "boucle" bridge. There should be just enough tightness to allow the cue to slide through, but not so much space that the cue will have a chance to vibrate, or work sideways. Incidentally, the cue should be put through the circle before the hand is placed on the table when the fingers should be well spread and the heel of the hand also on the bed—using just enough pressure to make the bridge firm.

The striker may, of course, make some small adjustment for comfort and, maybe, essential because of his own physical proportions. It is true that the "boucle" is more easily formed when the hand is slender, with medium or long fingers, than in the case with a short, thick, chubby hand. In case you have the latter, you may not be able to place your first finger in the position described above without gripping the cue too tightly. If not, simply place your thumb against the side of your second finger, then pull your first finger down, making

the tip of it meet the end of your thumb. Many good players use the "chubby boucle" for preference. In either case there must be firmness of contact against the side of the second finger resulting from some pressure from the first finger and thumb. It insures a solid foundation for the action of the cue in striking.

The advantages of the "boucle" are that it is firm and can be lowered or raised to requirements simply by pushing the fingers forward on the table to lower, or by pulling the finger ends towards the wrist to raise. It will pay would-be billiards players handsomely to master the "boucle," for it will prove the first step forward to advanced skill.

The same bridges will be of equal value to snooker players, and perhaps it is well to remind readers now that world champion, Joe Davis, insists that for "potting" the distance between the cue-ball and cue should be much shorter than that obtaining for billiards.

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HORSES' ILLS AND PUNTERS' SPILLS

ALL THE WORLD OVER

Racing fans have their share of troubles and worries in U.S.A., where, too, horses develop ills and erratic form, yet wartime attendances continue to soar and money wagered through the totalisators appears unlimited.

The turf set-up in U.S.A. is so similar to that of this country that the following remarks of Grantland Rice could apply to Sydney, with changes of names and variation of phrasing.

The average thoroughbred is game enough and fast enough. But he is also subject and heir to more ills, ailments and injuries, including the pip and housemaid's knee, that anything that lives.

We have discovered:—

That Count Fleet can't run in the 50,000 dollar classic because of an injured hoof.

That Long Tail Whirlaway, the iron horse, is through.

That Shut Out can only run now and then and is strictly undependable.

That Alsab isn't ready to take a crack at 50,000 dollars after a long rest.

That at least forty per cent. of the horses running at various tracks are either sore or crippled, or just on

the verge of this unhappy state—as far as the mutuel player is concerned.

And don't overlook the morbid fact that through the mutuels and book-makers the non-combatants kick in with slightly more than 1,000,000,000 dollars a year.

I was talking with Earl Sande, one of the most famous of all jockeys, now a well-known trainer, about this baffling situation, writes Rice.

"It is quite easy to explain," said Sande. "The average thoroughbred weighs from 1,000 to 1,100 pounds. He has a tremendous body set up on thin, slight legs. He usually gets away with a half-kangaroo jump, especially in sprints, and this tremendous weight is thrown upon slender props.

"As you know, most thoroughbreds give all they have. They are usually dead game. They can't tell the trainer when they are ready or when they are not. It might surprise you to know how many start when they are sore or lame, and yet it is often impossible for any trainer to know this in advance. And I don't care how smart he might be."

The racing season of 1943 has known greater crowds and has seen

more money thrown along the line than any other in history, in spite of transportation handicaps.

Yet, no other season has known so many overturns among the better horses.

In this brief campaign, we've seen Count Fleet dominate the three-year-old field and then run into trouble with his biggest stake ahead.

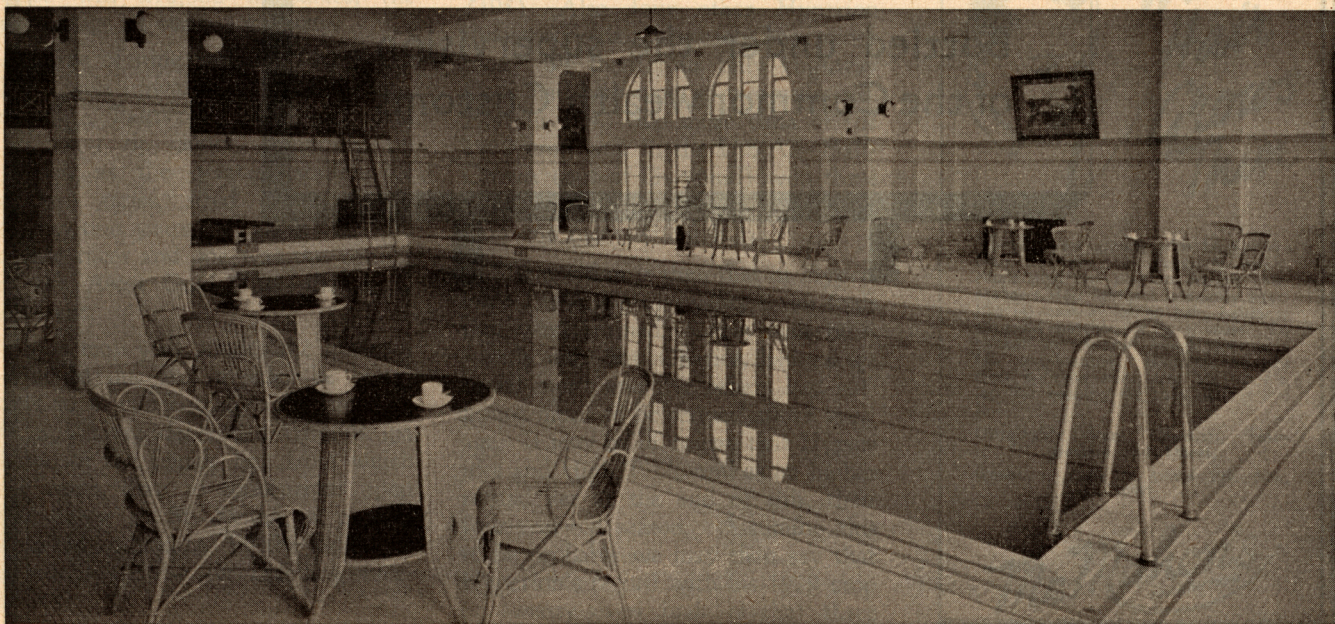
We've seen Whirlaway start and retire. We've seen Shut Out, 1942 Derby winner, run four incredibly poor races—and then win with one of his best.

Here is a season in which Alsab, run to death in 1941 and 1942, hasn't even started.

Outside of Count Fleet the most consistent horse has been Devil Diver, a dizzy flop in 1942. And, outside of Count Fleet, there has been no other good three-year-old and now there are few good handicap horses left.

But this won't interfere in any way with the public desire to throw its loose change into the mutuel's waiting maw.

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Facts and Figures Concerning Stallions and their Progeny

By JOHN LODER

Several times in the past when commenting upon theories of blood-stock breeding I have had cause to inveigh against a general tendency to pay too little regard to the importance of the dam element in any prospective mating. Apropos of this, a recent correspondent of mine says: "You are wise to stress the female influence, if for nothing else than the limitation in numbers. A male may have thirty progeny in a year, a female only one. During his life a stud horse may have some four or five hundred sons or daughters, a mare about ten."

The point my correspondent makes is this: a fashionable stallion in the course of ten seasons at stud probably sires about three hundred colts and fillies; if twenty of them win a classic race or otherwise amass more than £10,000 apiece in stake money, that stallion would undoubtedly be hailed as one of the greatest of all time. And yet that reputation is built upon the success of only 62/3 per cent. of his stock. But for a mare producing ten foals, of which three win £10,000 in stakes, the percentage of success is thirty.

Three of nine foals bred by Scapa Flow won upwards of £10,000 each, namely, Fairway, Fair Isle and Pharos. St. Simon, generally regarded as the greatest stallion of modern times, sired 547 foals in twenty-two years, of whom ten won classic races and one was the winner of the Ascot Gold Cup—that is, 2 per cent.

One may well ponder the question—would not any breeder be better advised to concentrate upon breeding from a mare descended from Scapa Flow, or the female line from which she came, than to concentrate upon inbreeding to St. Simon, a process staunchly advocated by the author of a recent treatise on breeding race-horses?

Hyperion and Fairway we may take as the two leading stallions in

England to-day. They were respectively first and second in the winning sires list in 1942. It might be interesting to show what were the chances of breeding an outstanding colt or filly for any breeder who sent mares to either of these horses in 1938 and 1939, in which years both stallions may be assumed to have been in their prime.

In 1939 mares produced to matings with Hyperion twelve colt foals and sixteen filly foals, of which one filly (out of Cinnabar) died as a yearling. So that effectively we have to consider the racing ability of twenty-seven horses. Of this number seven won races in Great Britain and Ireland in 1941 as two-year-olds; and of these only Eleanor Cross, Feberion and Sun Chariot won either more than one race or upwards of £500 in stakes. Also Hyacinthus (a colt out of Blanco) won one race in the U.S.A. (value £202). In 1942 as three-year-olds, Sun Chariot again won four races worth £6,470, Light of Day won three races worth £714 and High Table won two races worth £607. Hyperides was second in the Derby and won one race (value £495). Also four other Hyperion three-year-olds won each one minor race. Of these four only Highway Code had also won at two-years-old. Also in 1942 two more colts of the 1939 crop won in the U.S.A.—Half-Crown (out of Gwyniad) won three races £31,395 dols.) and This England one race (850 dols.).

The position is then that of Hyperion's 1939 crop of twenty-seven foals that were trained, twelve won races—only one, Sun Chariot, had exceptional merit and five others had sufficient merit to be termed above average. It may be of course that Hyperides and High Table will claim higher regard yet at the end of this, their four-year-old season. Assuming this to be probable we may then say that Hyperion's record with his 1939 crop of twenty-seven foals is that three (11.1 per cent.) are outstanding, six (22.2 per cent.) were capable of pay-

ing their way and fifteen (55.5 per cent.) were unable to win a race of any kind.

In 1939 mares produced to Fairway fifteen foals and thirteen fillies, of which I believe the filly out of Brulette was never trained, thus making a total of twenty-seven to be considered. Of this number five won in 1941 of whom only Fiery Cross (£319) and Watling Street (£519) won twice. None of the exported 1939 Fairway foals won abroad in 1941. In 1942, nine of the 1939 crop won races; this number included four of those who had won in 1941. Watling Street won the Derby and £4,025 in stakes in 1942; and in addition only Lady Electra (£319) and Blue Road (£559) either won twice or won more than £500. Again there was none of the 1939 crop to win overseas in 1942.

Fairway's record with twenty-seven foals of 1939 thus reads: one outstandingly good horse (Watling Street) and eighteen which did not



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win any race of any kind, which represents a percentage of 3.7 and 66.6 respectively.

It is too early yet of course to form a definite opinion about the Hyperion and Fairway foals of 1940, the more so as these notes are written on the eve of the Oaks and the Derby. But I have a record of twenty-three living foals by Hyperion in 1940, of whom nine won in 1942, two of these in the U.S.A. Of these only Cincture, in this country, and Famous Victory (out of Quick Action) in the U.S.A., won more than once and only Cincture won upwards of £500. This year there have been two more important winners from this 1940 crop, Tropical Sun and Merchant Navy, both of whom may eventually be ranked very highly.

Of Fairway's 1940 crop I have a record of twelve colts and ten fillies. Six of them won in Great Britain and Ireland, the best winners being Kingsway (£524) and Ribbon (£2,050). Five of this 1940 crop also won in the U.S.A., the best winner being the colt Good Drive (out of Athara) who was bred by Colonel Giles Loder. Good Drive won two races (1,600 dols.) Kingsway this year of course has proved a classic winner and the 1940 Fairway stock has produced two more good winners in Way In and Runway.

The foregoing analysis can make no claim to be an exhaustive analysis. It is not extensive enough to give more than an impression. And the impression is that if you send a mare to one of the two leading stallions of the day, Hyperion at 400 gns. and Fairway at 300 gns., you have only a 50 per cent. chance of breeding a winner and only a 10 per cent. chance of breeding one of the very first-class.

Another point raised by my correspondent on this matter is this: "What is the hereditary value of, say, two lengths? One horse may be that much better than another in the Guineas, the Derby and the Leger, with the result that all the picked mares are mated to him. When he has stud success is it due to those two lengths or to the selected mares? It is possible that all horses within, say, 7 lb. of each other, have equal hereditary value."

As regards this I do not think that a horse who is capable of taking a

minor place in two classic races suffers much, by comparison, in stud opportunities as opposed to one that actually wins the Derby or the St. Leger. The classic winner probably does get the pick of the mares, but the other one gets a sufficiency of good-class mares to do well with his first and second crops if he is ever going to be a successful sire. And as a consequence he will get better mares sent to him in subsequent seasons.

Regarding the other point that all horses within 7 lb. of each other have an equal hereditary value, it is interesting to compare as stallions Dastur, second in the Guineas, Derby and St. Leger in 1932, and Orwell, who beat him in the Two Thousand and April the Fifth, who beat him in the Derby. In the St. Leger Dastur was beaten by Firdaussi but since Firdaussi's stud career has been mostly in Rumania it is not possible to compare with him.

Dastur up to the end of 1942 had sired the winners of fifty-two races, value £19,443. Orwell had sired winners of forty races, value £15,205. April the Fifth had sired winners of only seven races, value £1,714.

The only conclusion which emerges from this random survey of the comparative figures is that the classic tests are sometimes a very dubious guide to the comparative potential worth as stallions of those colts which play a leading part in them.

LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB MOVEMENTS

(Continued from Page 7.)

centre of Los Angeles, and is on a main boulevard from city to ocean. The big Spanish type Clubhouse is modern and residential.

My home, where I live with my wife and two daughters, is in Los Angeles near Hollywood. I have an Australian type cottage on the Riviera grounds named "The Gunyah." It serves as an office and meeting place for polo players and riders—and a good spot for a little game of two-up with our friends—and is surrounded by eucalyptus trees some 60 feet high, and overgrown

THE CHELMSFORD RECORD

(Continued from Page 9.)

from the Derby and other classic races. Some keen judges reckon he is the best stayer of his age.

War Eagle has many warm admirers as the best Derby proposition of all. An attractive colt by Manitoba, he has every appearance of developing into a high-grade galloper and one who would not discredit the list of Chelmsford Stakes winners. He is built to last well and do full credit to the three-year-old band.

Tribal can be added without reserve to a goodly company of young horses with the best of their careers ahead of them.

Until wartime travelling restrictions curbed the customary invasion by New Zealanders, horses from that country were cultivating a habit of winning the Chelmsford Stakes. From 1936 until last year they had an uninterrupted sequence with Gold Rod, Mala, Royal Chief, Defaulter, Beauivre, and Beau Vite taking the race in turn.

Limerick, who won in 1926, 1927 and 1928, holds a record which stands and will take a good deal of reaching.

Of the last 20 races for the Chelmsford Stakes, thirteen have been won by horses bred in New Zealand, although the brightest star of them all, Phar Lap, was developed in Australia.

Probably it is too much to expect a Phar Lap to emerge from the Chelmsford Stakes this year, but there is little reason to doubt that once again Tattersall's Club's officers will be able to add another successful race to its list with justifiable pride.

with passionfruit vines, wattle trees and other Aussie shrubs blooming all around. Might mention these Australian trees, shrubs and vines were grown by me from seeds that my mother sent from Sydney 12 years ago.

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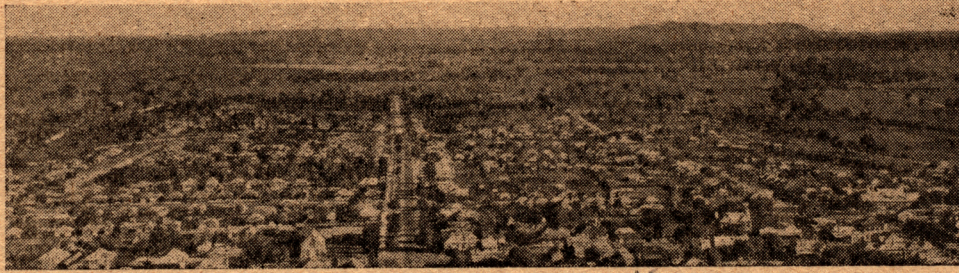
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COWRA — on the Lachlan

COWRA is situated on the banks of the Lachlan River, at its junction with Waugoola Creek, on the lower slopes of the Central Tablelands, where they merge on to the plains.

This delightful thriving town has an elevation of 978 feet above sea level, with a most pleasant climate—although warm in the summer, the dry inland air is most invigorating.

In 1815, the Governor of the Colony, Col. Lachlan Macquarie, with a party which included the explorer, George Evans, went to Bathurst to find out more about the western country which was then being opened up for settlement. Macquarie told Evans to proceed "until he shall fall in with the western ocean," this curious statement being occasioned by the fact that in those early days, the colonists believed in the existence of a great inland sea in Australia.

George Evans and his party, on 28th May, 1815, camped on the banks of the Lachlan River, in the vicinity of where Cowra stands to-day. Evans said in his journal that "the soil on the plains is very rich and the woodlands equally so." So early in our history was the quality of the Cowra district noted!

One of the first land grants adjoining what is now the town of Cowra was given to that grand pioneer of New South Wales, later of Tasmania, Simeon Lord, the friend of John Batman. This grant was made in exchange for land which was desired by the Government in Macquarie Place, Sydney, but the pastoral holding was transferred five years later to the Rev. Henry Fulton, who gave to it the native name for rocks, "Cowra," originally spelt Coura, but which we to-day know as Cowra.

Another prominent pioneer was Arthur Rankin who received a grant of 2,560 acres of land from Governor Darling—this property which Mr. Rankin named "Glenlogan," now forms the greater part of the parish of the same name in the country of Bathurst. Further pioneer settlers at Cowra were George Rankin of "Beula Jacky," William Stuart of "Bendick Murrell," George Wentworth of "Cudgelong" and Thomas Pye of "Bandan."

In the early days of settlement, cattle were first run on the Lachlan lands, to be followed by sheep. Generally, property owners did not reside constantly on their holdings, only visiting them periodically and leaving trusted overseers in charge.

The aborigines of Lower Lachlan, before 1835 had not come into contact much with white men and beyond Hervey's Range to the northwest, and on Bland Creek to the west, the tribes were wild and hostile so that many affrays resulted.

Cowra Rocks became the accepted crossing-place of the Lachlan, as the main road running south from Bathurst went via Carcoar and Cowra. Tegg's almanac for 1842 states that from Cowra Rocks . . . "it is only necessary to travel along the right bank of this river downwards, then along the Murrumbidgee which it joins, and next along the Murray, which is joined in the same manner, downwards to get to South Australia. This must always be the line of land communication between Sydney and Adelaide, as a permanent supply of water can be had in no other direction."

A river-crossing was a common place for a town to spring up in the old world and the same principle has held good in the new. When, later, gold discoveries were made at Lambing Flat, Forbes and Grenfell, the importance of such a crossing cannot be under-estimated.

The years 1839 to 1841 saw such severe drought in the Lachlan country that from Cowra

to Nanami, a distance of some thirty miles, there were only two waterholes and fodder was so scarce that kurrajong trees were cut down and used for stock feed.

In 1844, there came a heavy flood when 1,100 fully-fleeced sheep, together with horses and cattle, were lost from one station alone! By 1845 there was but one solitary hut on the river-crossing, this being occupied by a boundary-keeper named Best.

Boundary-keepers were necessary in those days when fences were unknown from Cowra to Canowindra and Young. Station owners, during their occasional musters, would cut out and impound cattle, the property of their neighbours.

The first hotel, a low bark hut, was built by Thomas Kirkpatrick in 1846, and the first store-keeper, who was also the local blacksmith, was Harry Carvel. In 1849 the town could boast one who was able to fill the positions of carpenter, shoemaker and tailor. The progressive spirit of the settlers in this district is strikingly illustrated by correspondence in the "Sydney Morning Herald" in 1847, from which it is established that as early as 1840, these worthy pioneers had set up and maintained a private postal line of communication at a cost of £140 per year.

In 1847 a petition signed by 34 graziers was sent to the Government in which "the need for a more convenient situation—a sort of rallying point for this increasing neighbourhood"—was stressed, and the suggestion made that the Government reserve should be subdivided and the land thrown open for sale.

The first agriculturists at Cowra were the Tindall brothers, who arrived between 1847 and 1850. Wheat and tobacco were the first products they grew. In those early days of our settlement a workman's wages ranged from 6/- to 7/- a week, and a shepherd received £20 a year whilst shearers received 12/6 a hundred and were given neither rations nor accommodation.

The first survey of Cowra was made in 1852. This did not even stretch up the hill past the present position of the post office. In the following land sale, the best land in the town was sold cheapest because it was farthest from the river; it was not thought at the time that the town would extend, nor were the dangers of severe flood realised until later.

After the gold discoveries at Lambing Flat in 1861 Cowra grew quickly. Road traffic was heavy and hotel accommodation scarce. Five shillings was sometimes offered to secure a loaf of bread.

When the river was up, the only method of crossing was by a hollow log, scooped out, and with its ends fixed in temporarily. Then in 1862, an old sailor named Lockyer procured an 8 ft. boat from Sydney and started in opposition to George Tindall who owned and rowed the hollow log ferry. Five years later William Sherman built a punt, and these were the means of crossing the river until 1868 when the first bridge was built.

The only method of transport to Sydney was, in those days, the coach via Bathurst and Hartley to Penrith and thence by train—incidentally the roads were reported to be in "but indifferent condition."

In 1870 a disastrous flood caused great destruction of property but fortunately no loss of life. As a result of the flood the tendency came for the town to spread away from the river, and thus the real site of the town was determined.

In 1878 the "Cowra Free Press" now the "Lachlan Leader" was established and two

years later the first district show was held. At this time, Cowra, with 19½ bushels per acre, ranked second in yield among the wheat-producing districts of the State.

Early in 1882, the Cowra District Jockey Club held its first meeting at Mulyan Cross and the following New Year's Day the races were held on the "Scalded Plain" course, about three miles out along the Young Road. This was afterwards abandoned in favour of the present site acquired in 1898—and this combined showground-racecourse is said to be the finest outside the Metropolitan area—in fact it is called "The Randwick of the West."

On the 25th March 1884 came the news that the connecting railway line between west and south was to pass through Cowra and in May 1886 the first passenger train on the new line steamed into Cowra. Two years later the town was proclaimed a Municipality and George Campbell was elected the first Mayor. In 1891 the "Cowra Guardian" newspaper was established and in 1895 the present traffic bridge over the Lachlan River completed at a cost of £26,500.

As a certain indication of progress the Experiment Farm was established in 1904 with Mr. G. L. Sutton as the first manager. Here, among other things, experiments in fat lamb breeding have given a lead to the State in general and Cowra district in particular. Local graziers have achieved outstanding success, it being generally conceded that the Cowra Show presents perhaps the best fat lamb display in the State.

Thursday, 15th December 1909, described as "Black Thursday" was a terrible day for Cowra for a great fire swept through the district, bringing great destruction in its train. Station owners lost heavily in stocks and crops, and the Experiment Farm was left a blackened ruin. But Cowra re-arose from the ashes: in the same year the excellent water supply was established and a year later, in September 1910, the railway line connecting Cowra to Canowindra was finally opened, thus opening up a rich hinterland of wheat, wool and lucerne country.

It was once thought that wheat could not flourish in the district, but that theory has been disproved, for Cowra to-day, is one of the finest wheat-yielding areas in the State and in addition to wheat there is a substantial growth of lucerne and oats.

Cowra is a horse-breeding district with successful stud farms; the notable horse "Eurythmic"—a Melbourne Cup winner—was bred at "Springvale," some 24 miles out of Cowra. The area also supports many sheep, cattle, dairy cows and pigs.

A splendid record of production from this prosperous centre, Cowra, in a remarkably picturesque setting of striking land patterns, resulting from the intensive farming which covers the plains where the availability of the water-supply of the Lachlan, controlled by the Wyangala Dam, has further assisted the agricultural, pastoral development and closer settlement of the district.

Cowra itself with every modern service, is a pleasant place and a centre of attraction for tourists, several of the main features being the fine scenic drive to the summit of Bellevue Hill and the Wyangala Dam.

Hand in hand with the growth of Cowra has gone a sound agricultural development and so to-day we have in this rich and fertile district the fulfilment of the promise noted by Surveyor Evans in 1815 when he wrote in his journal "the soil on the plains is very rich and the woodlands equally so."



THE RURAL BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES